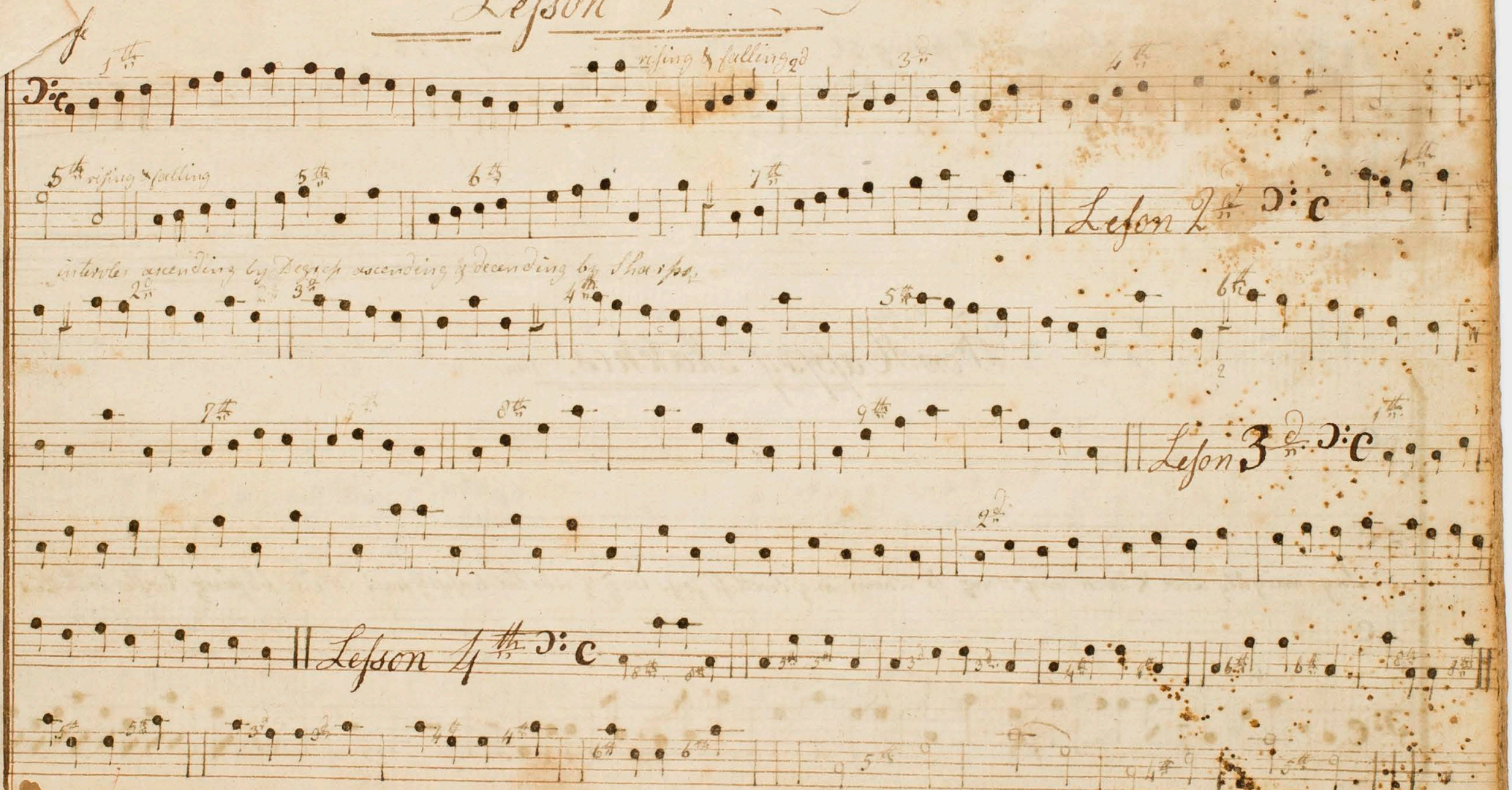
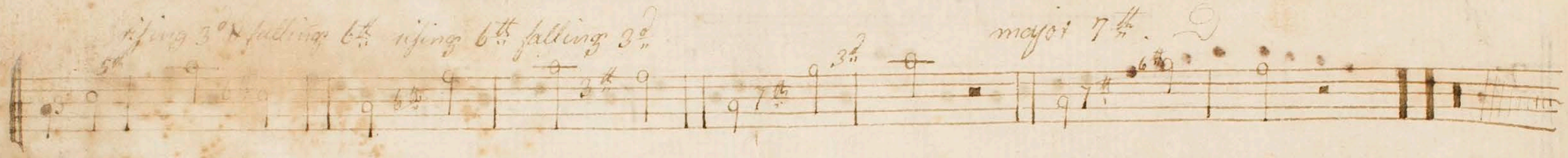
Enoch Peirce

His Book.

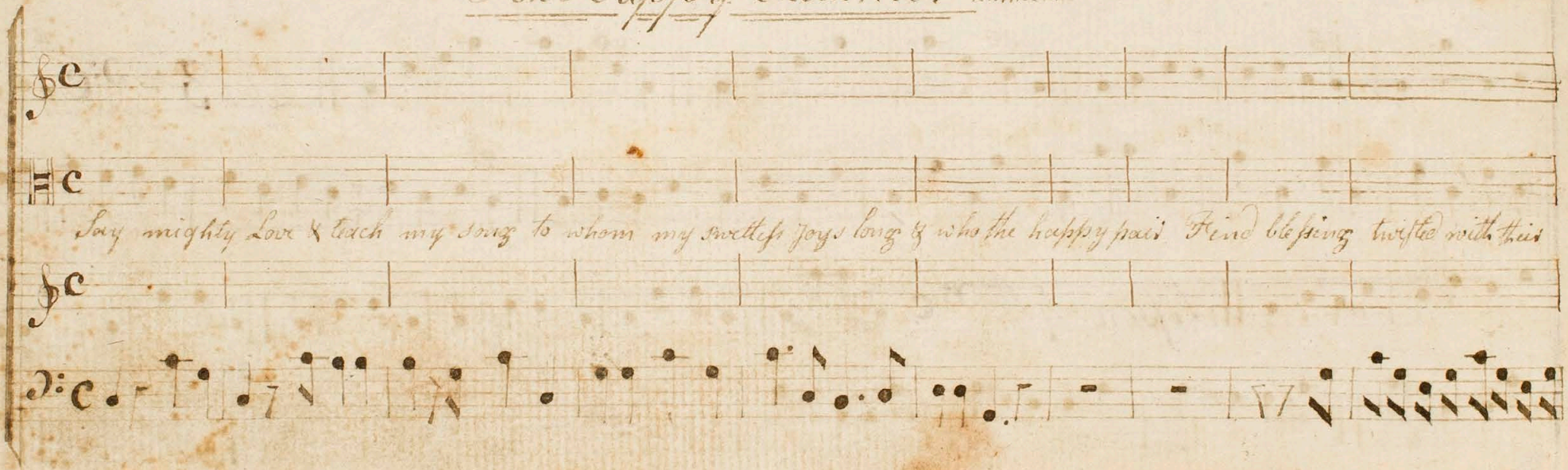
1805.

Lesson 1st





Few Happy Matches.

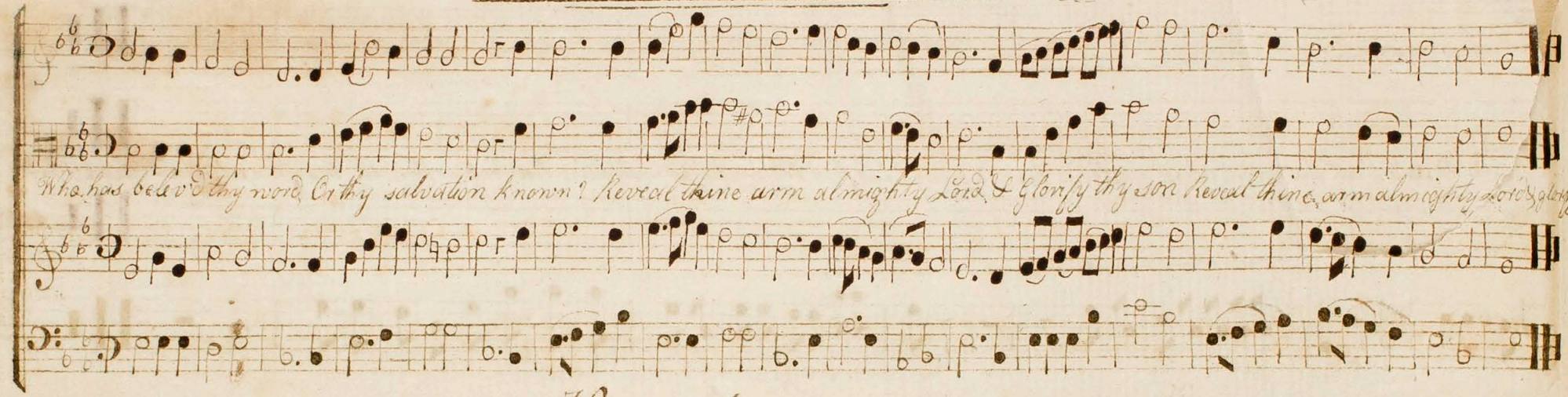


Bounds to soften all their cares whose yeilding hearts & going hand find Bleßing twisted with their bands to soften all to soften all their cause.

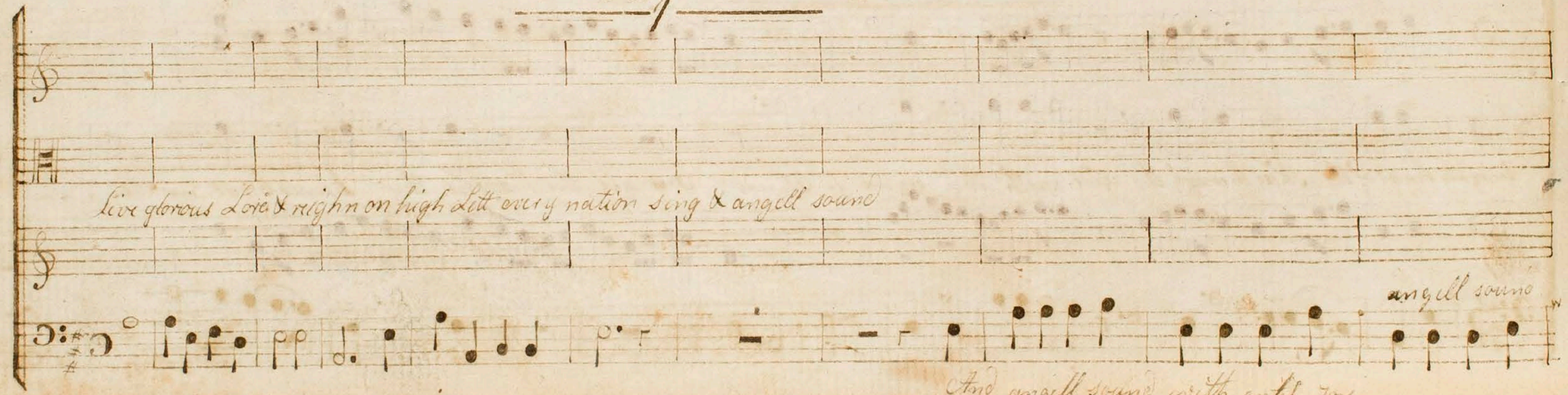
Bolsover. L. M.

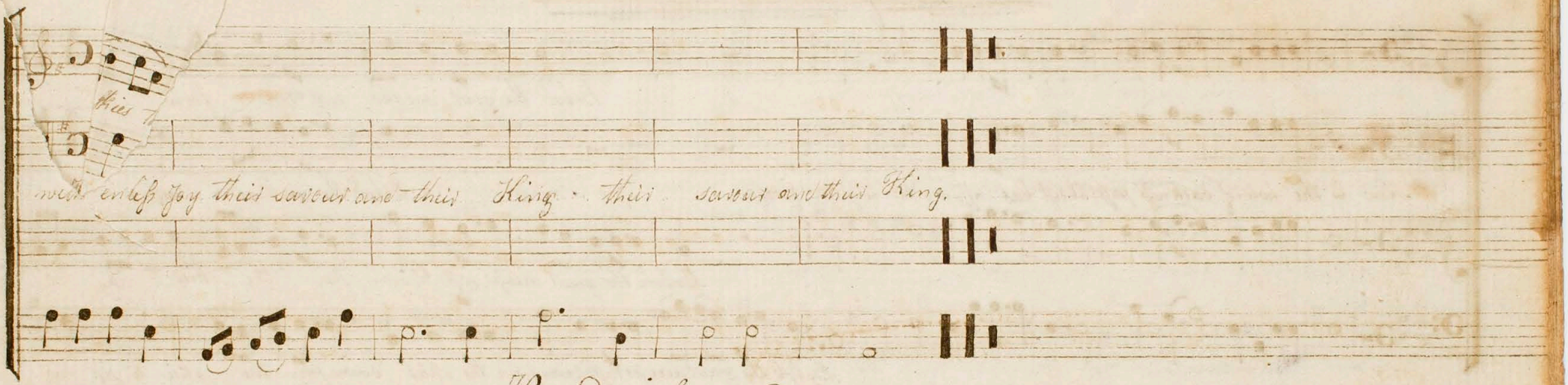
Almighty Ruler of the Skies through the wide earth thy name is spread; Our all the heavens thy hands have made.

Newmarkett S. M.

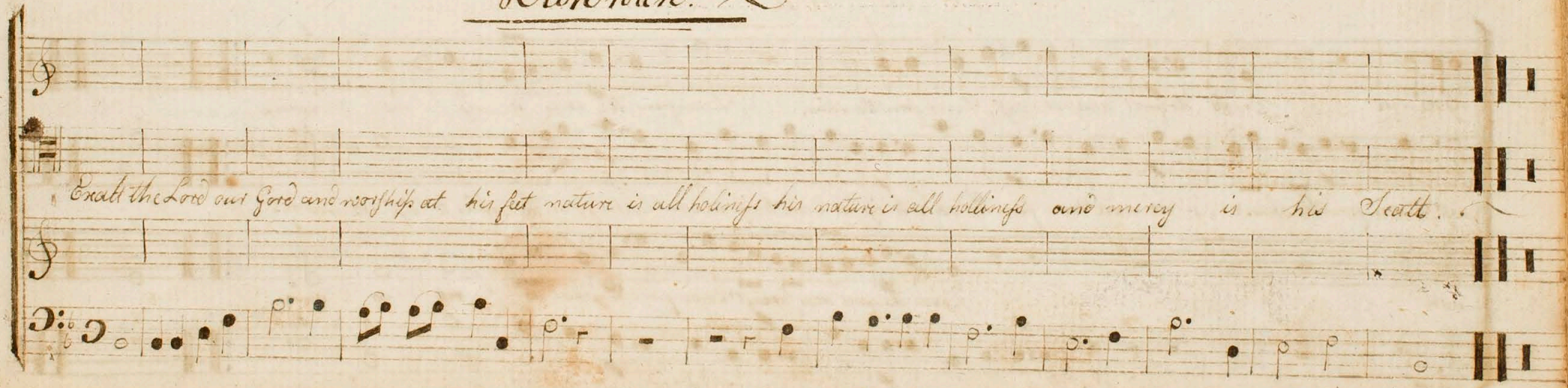


Hampton.

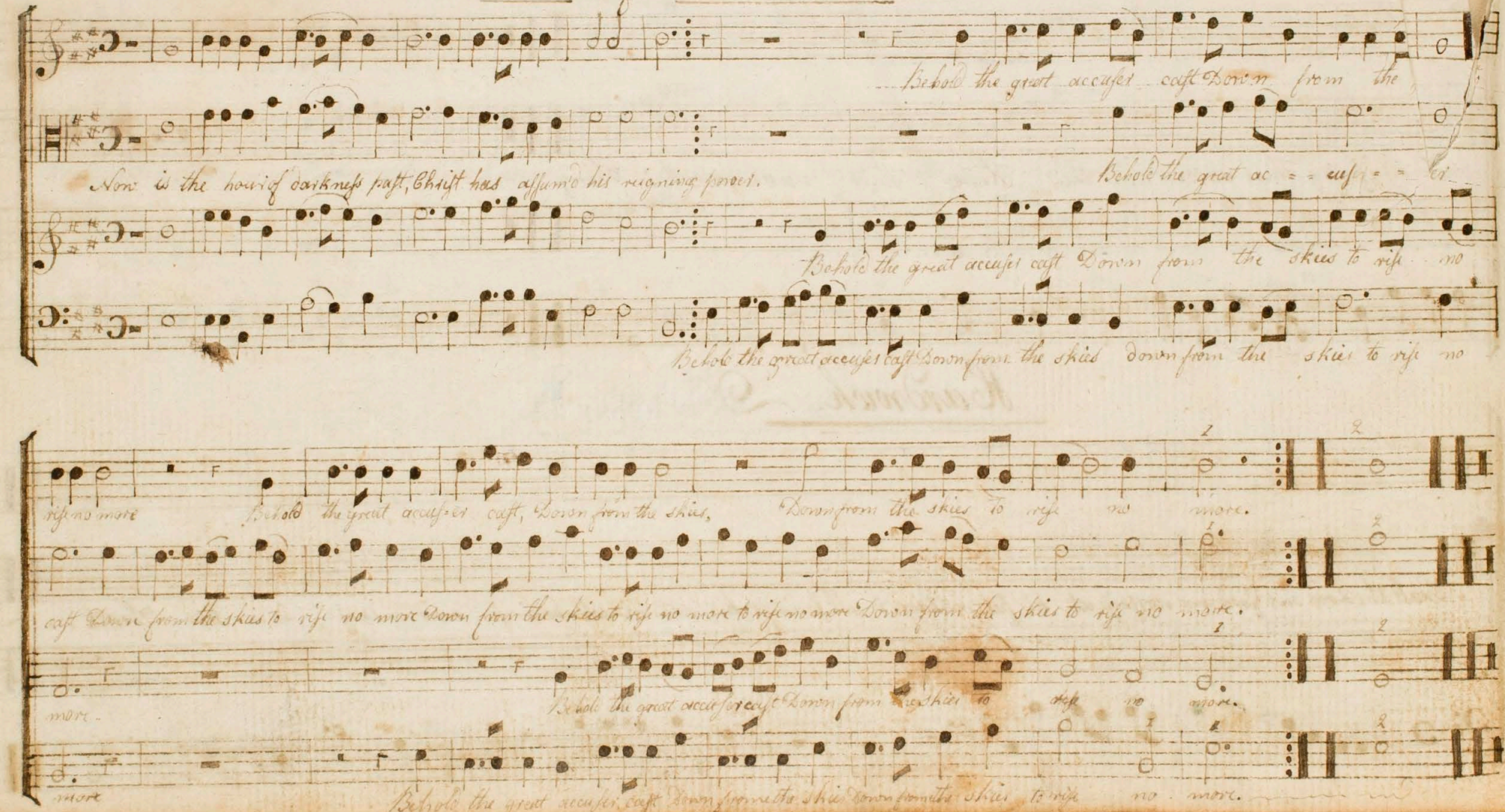



with endless joy their saveour and their King. their saveour and their King.

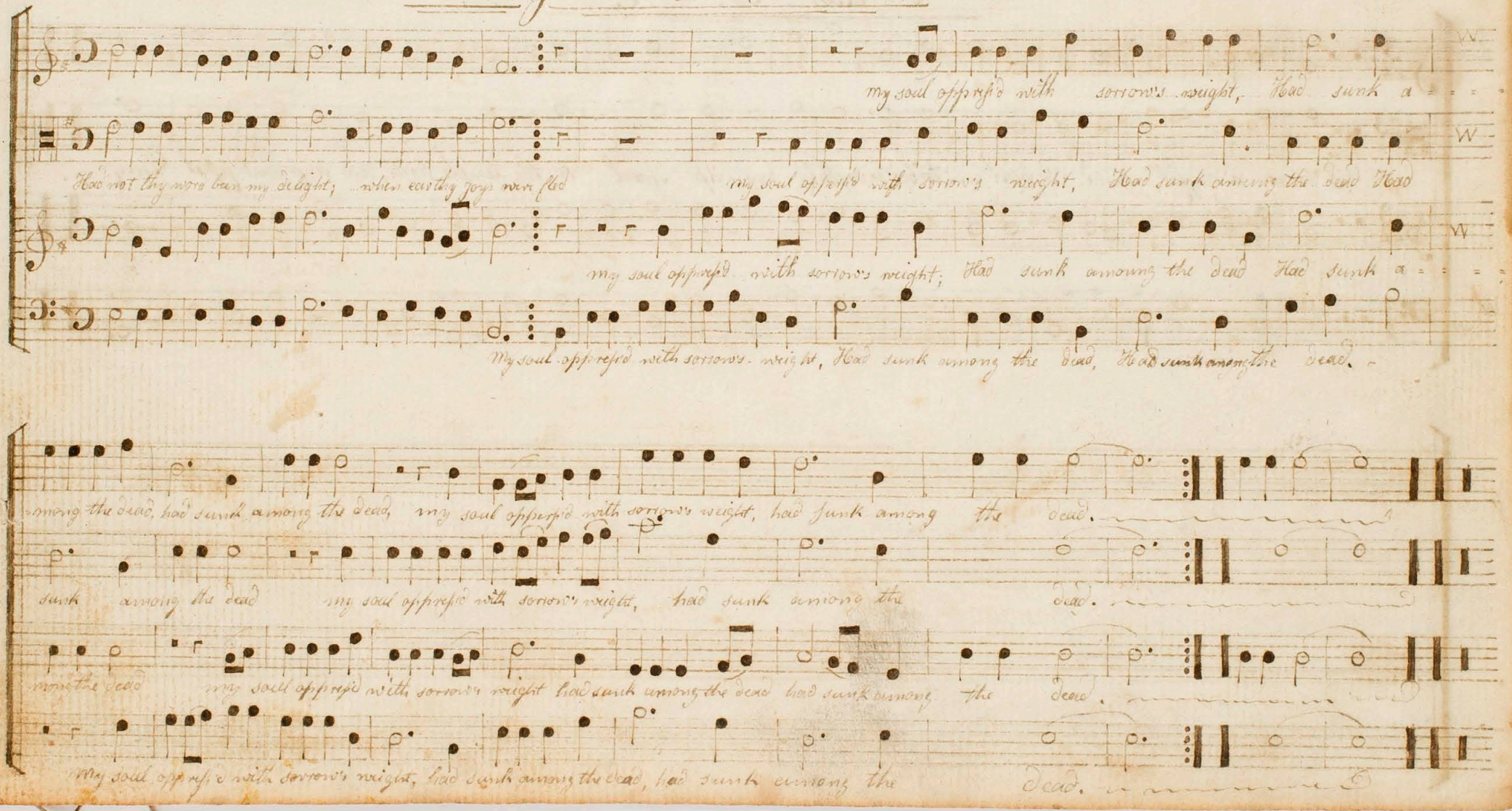
Hardwich.


Exalt the Lord our God and worship at his feet nature is all holiness his nature is all holiness and mercy is his Seatt.

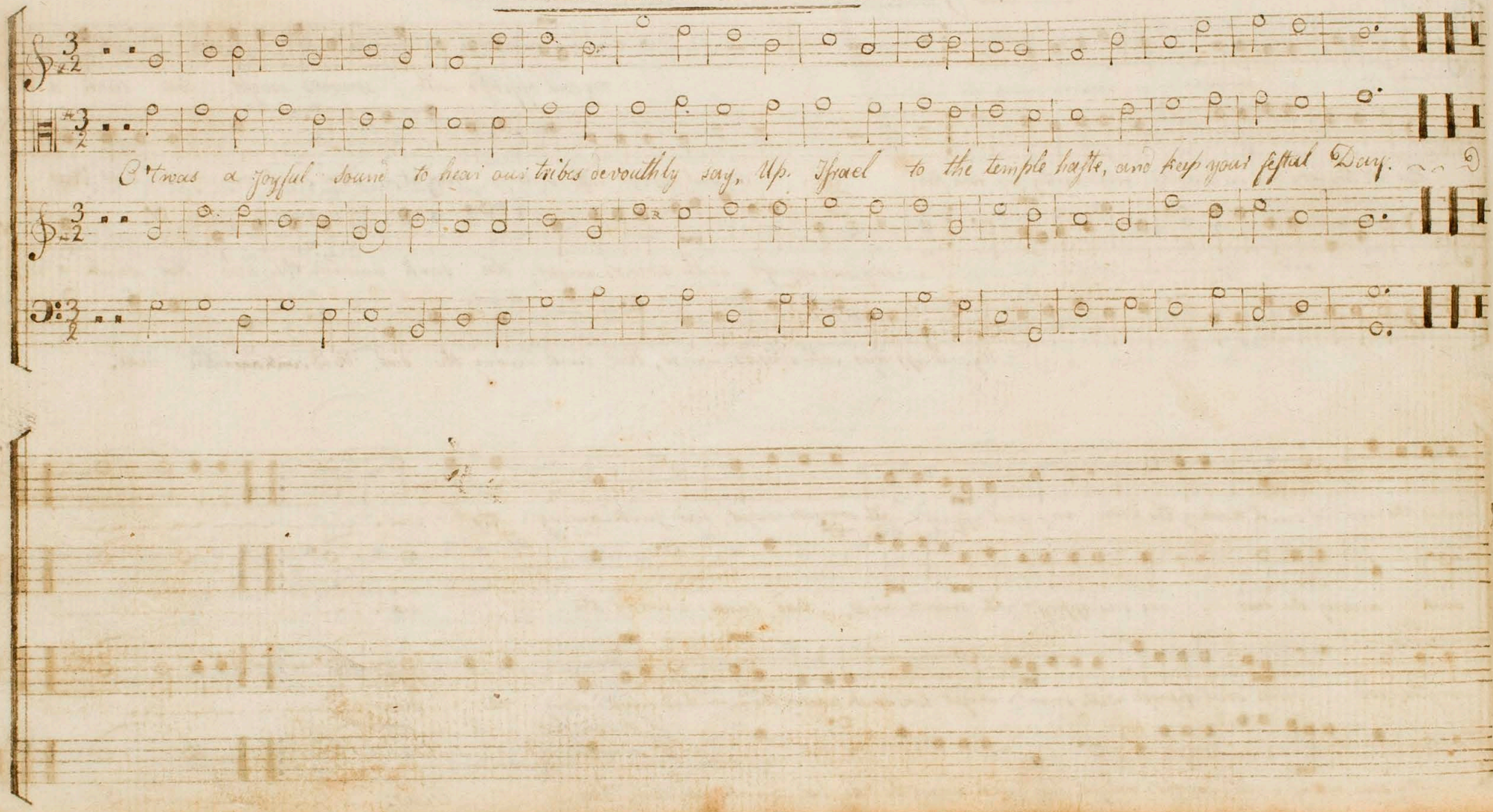
Deanfield. L.M.



Psalm 119th. C. M.



Mear. C. M.


'Twas a joyful sound to hear our tribes devoutly say, Up Israel to the temple haste, and keep your festal Day.

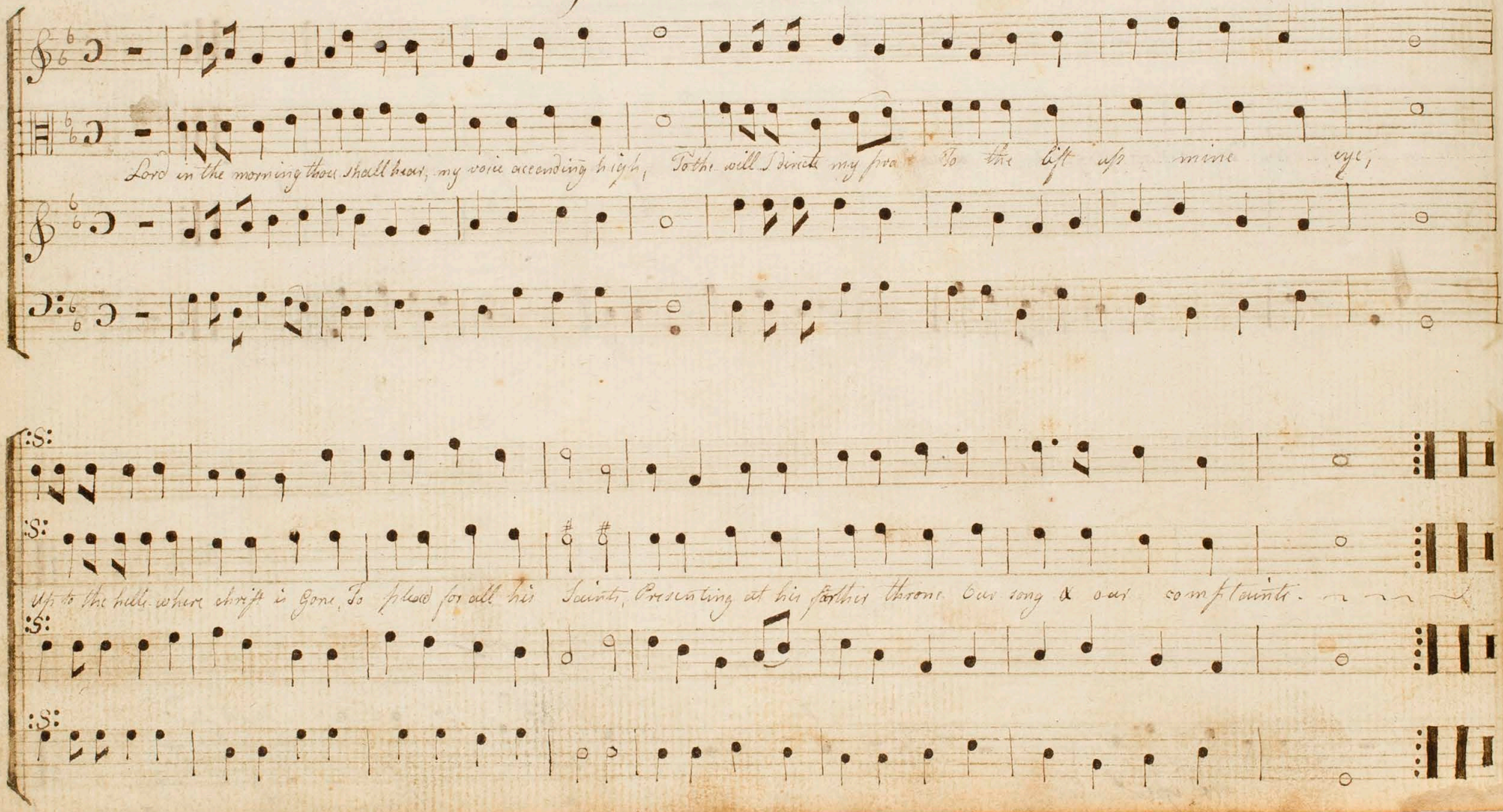
Convalescence, or the return of Health, Dr hymn 55 1st Book by D+R.

When we are rais'd from deep Distress our God Deserves a Song we take the pattern of our praise from Hezekiah's Tongue.

Pia Inverse Shou'd Loud

are open wide if he thinks hold the key of Death command them fast again.

Hatfield. C. M.


Lord in the morning thou shalt hear, my voice ascending high, To thee will I direct my pra- To thee lift up mine eye,
Up to the hills where christ is Gone, To plead for all his Saints, Presenting at his fathers throne Our song & our complaints.

Sterling.

How free the fountains flow. Oh endless life & Joy! That spring with no confinement knows Where warriors never cloy, Ho o, every thirsty.

:S:

Soul, Approach the sacred spring, Drink & your fountain spirit cheer Renew the draught & Sing, Renew the draught, Renew the draught Renew &c.

:S:

& Bring our your fountaining Spirit cheer renew your draught & Sing

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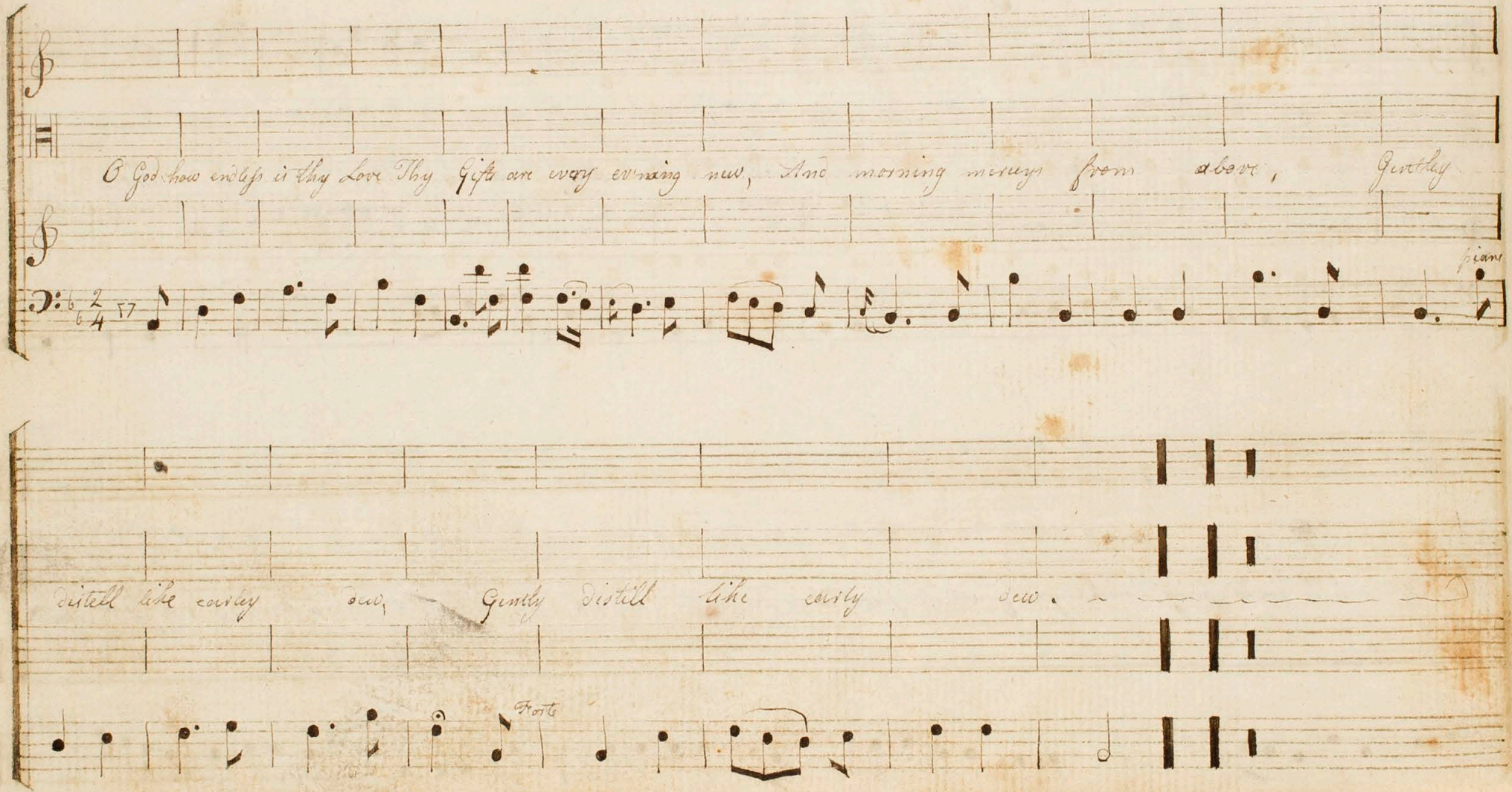
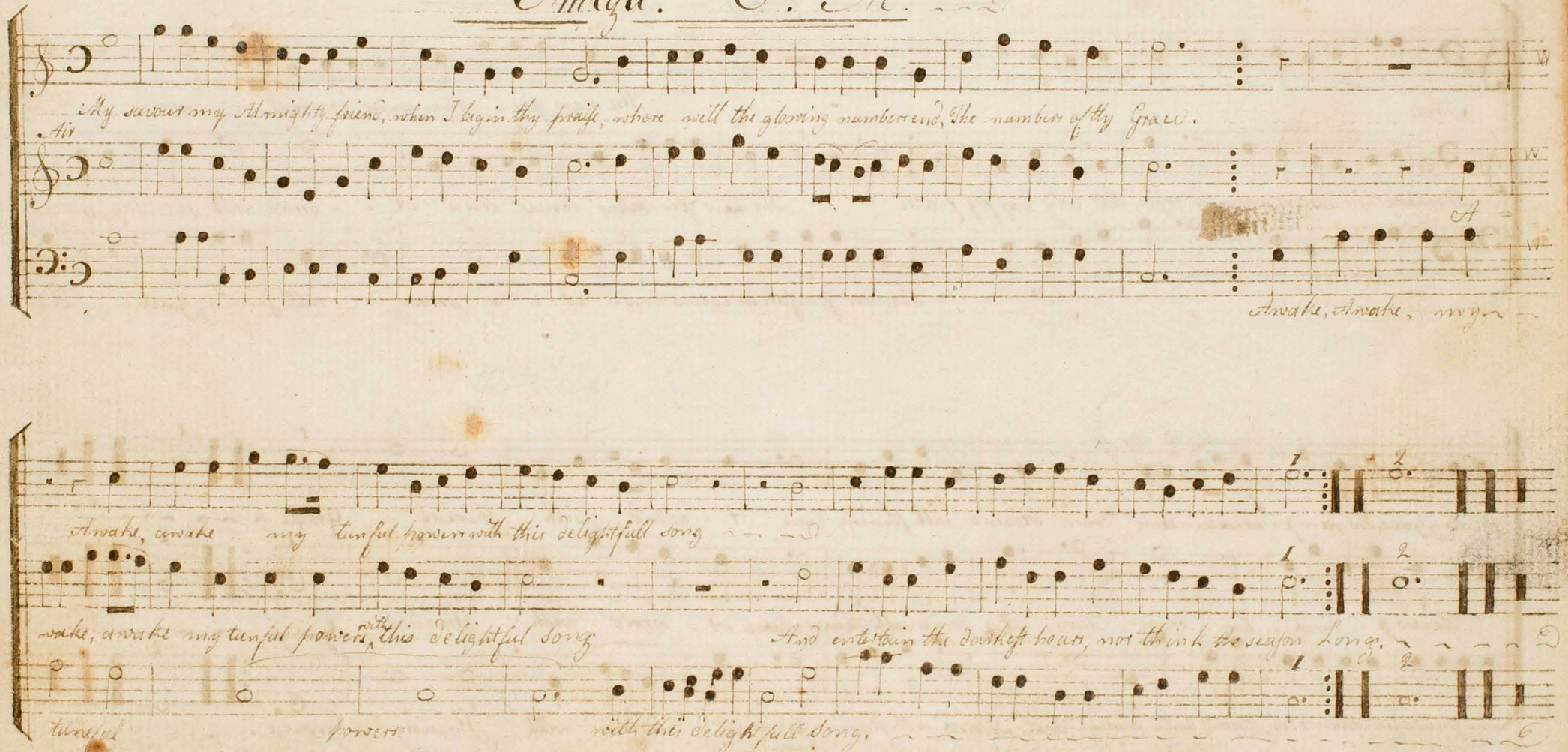
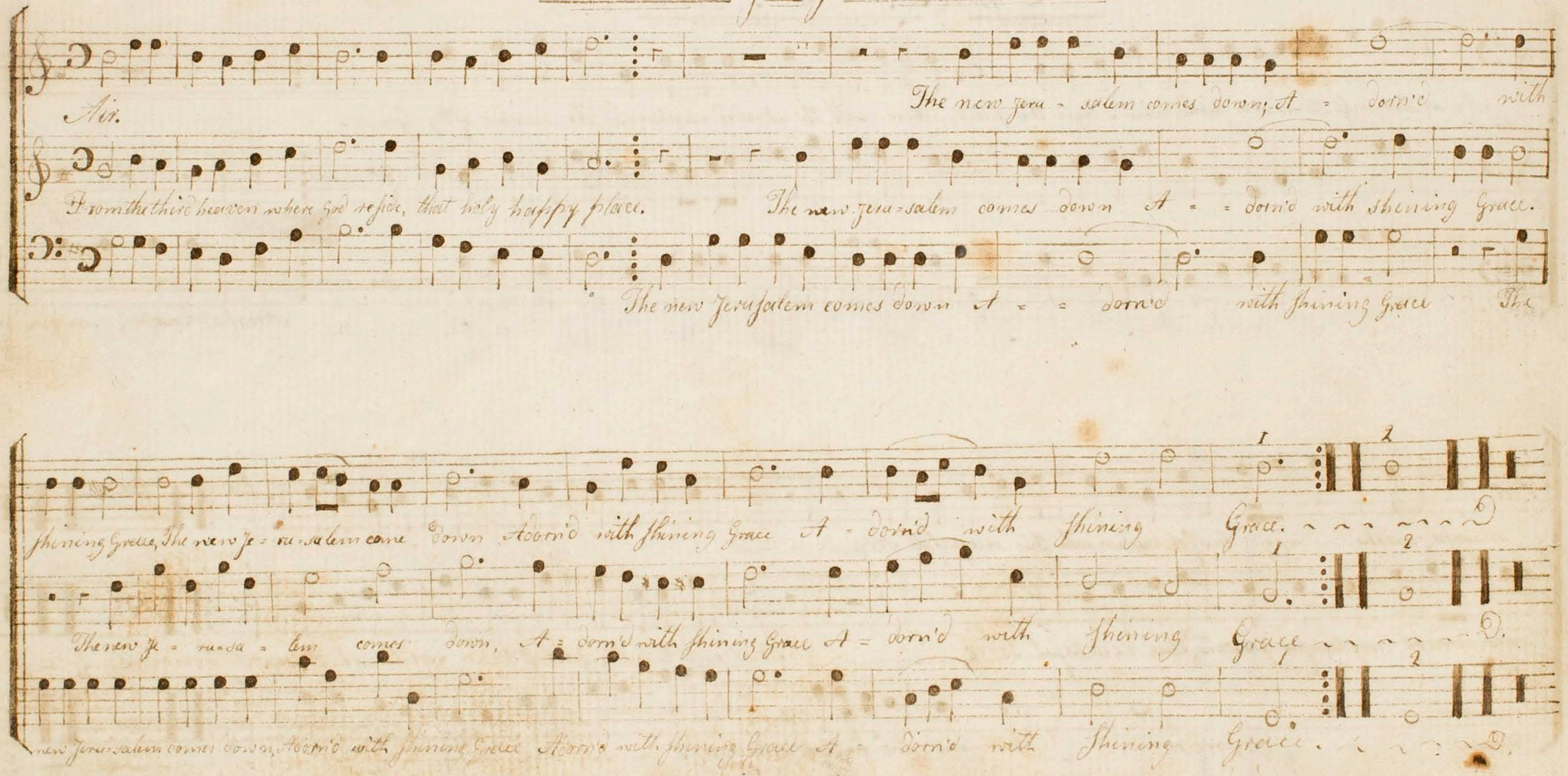
Nantwich. L. M.



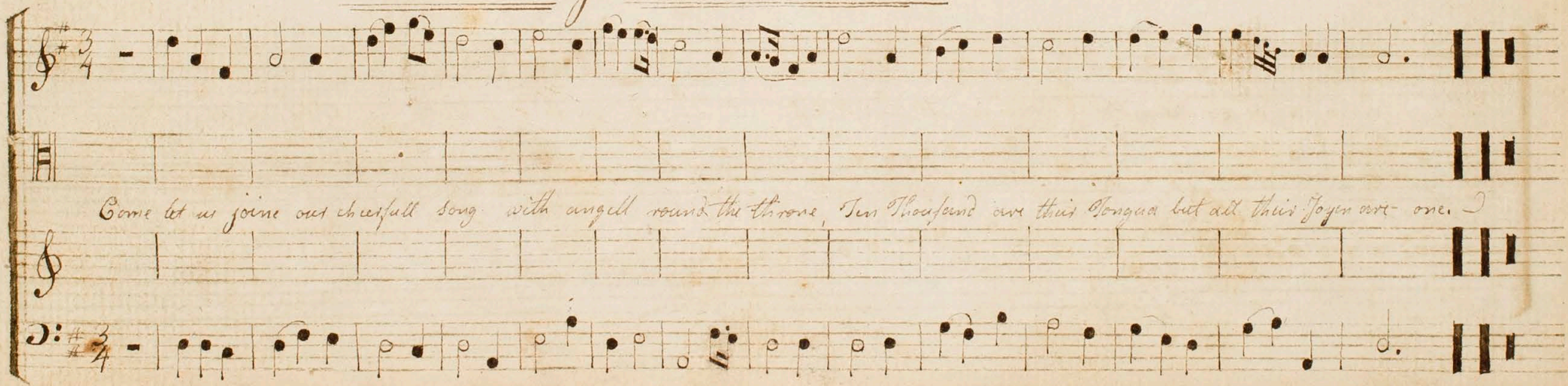
Omega. C. M.

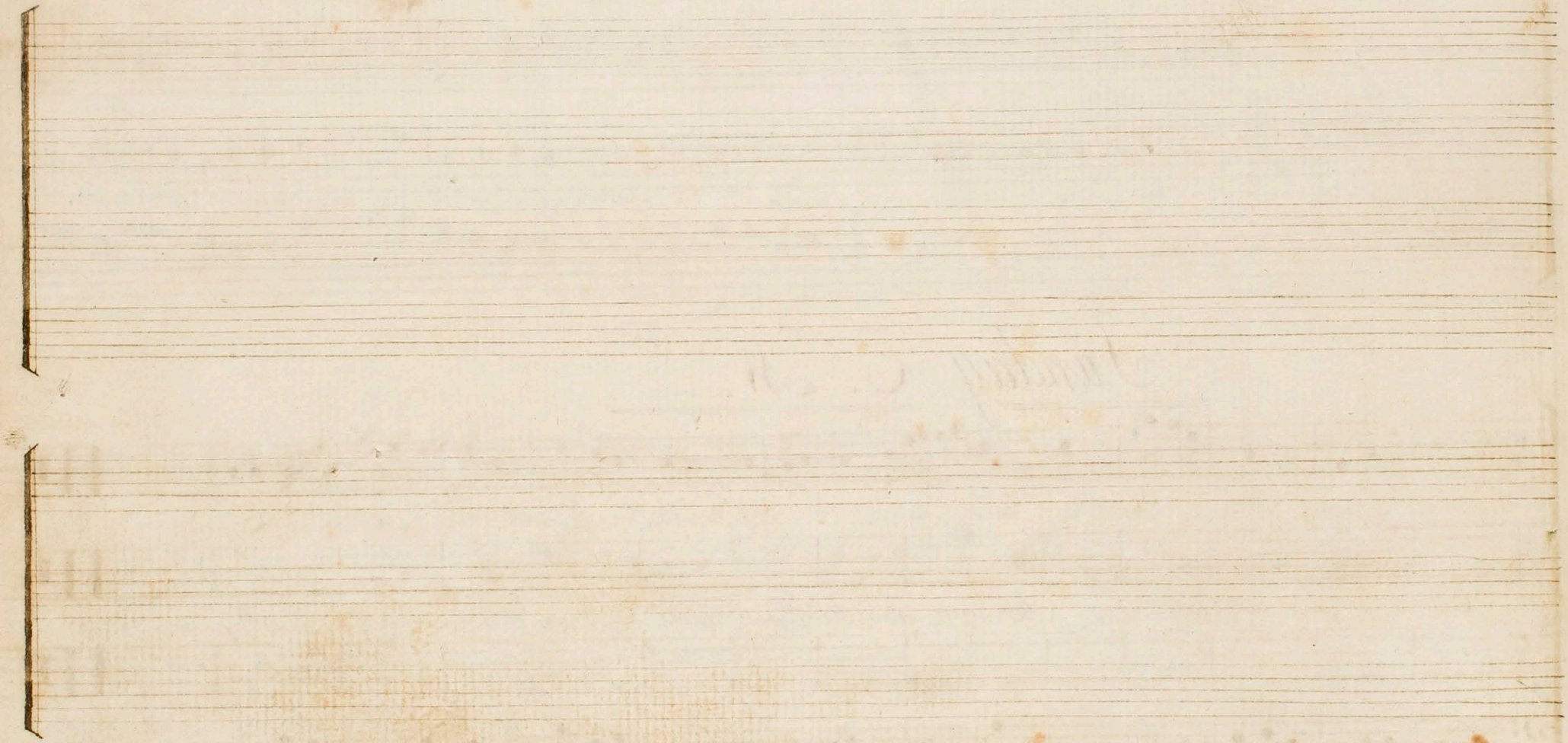

My saviour my Almighty friend, when I begin thy praise, where will the glowing number end, the number of thy Grace.
Air
Awake, Awake, my
Awake, awake my tuneful powers with this delightfull song
wake, awake my tuneful powers with this delightful song
And entertain the dullest hours, nor think the season Long.
tuneful
powers
with this delightfull song.

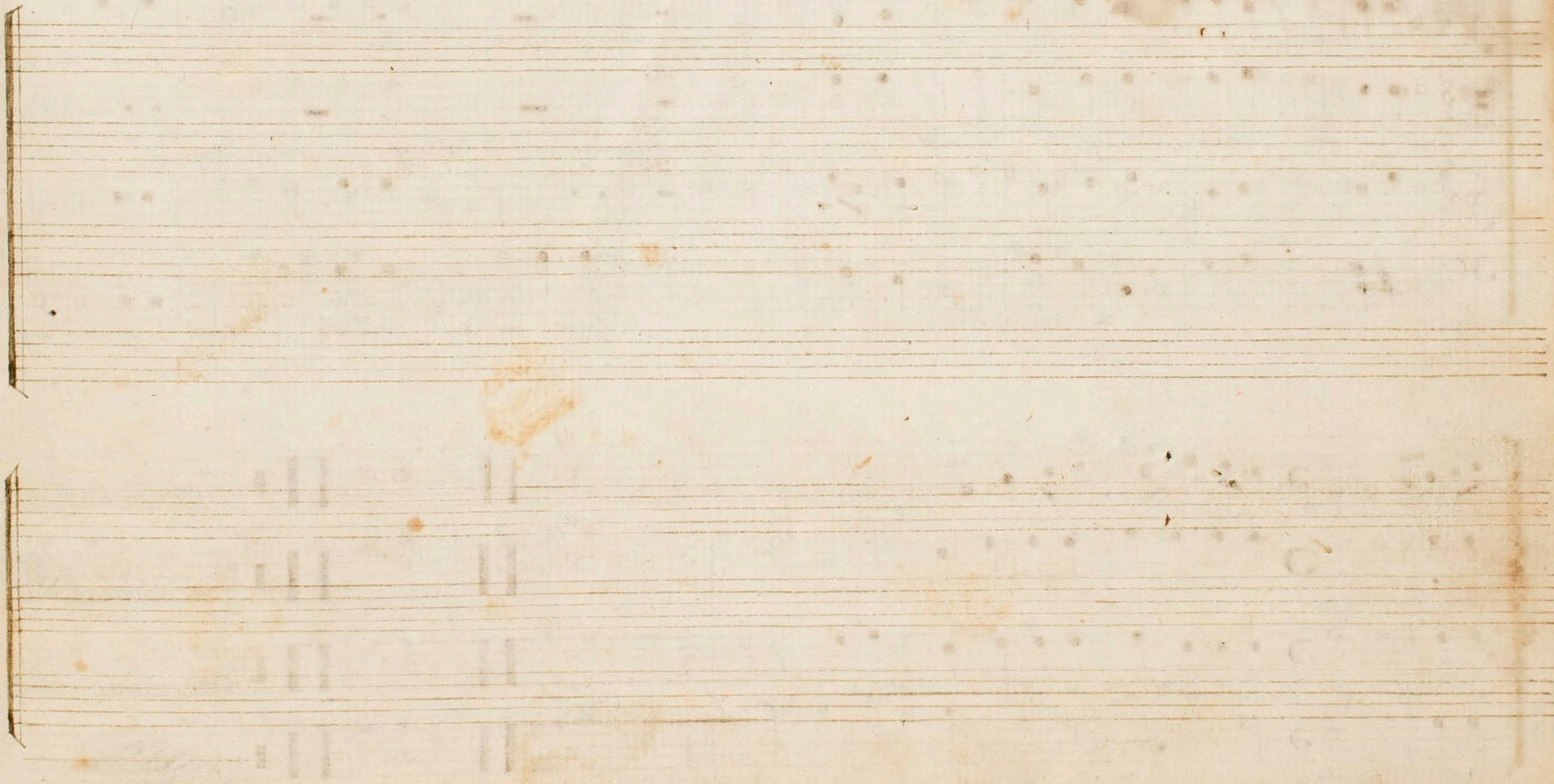
New Jerusalem. C. M.



Sunday C. M.


Come let us joine our cheerfull song with angell round the throne, Ten Thousand are their Tongues but all their Joyes are- one.





Bridgewater

Great God attend while Sion Sings the Joys that frowe thy present Springs To Spend one Day To Spend one Day

To Spend one Day with the on Earth To Spend one Day

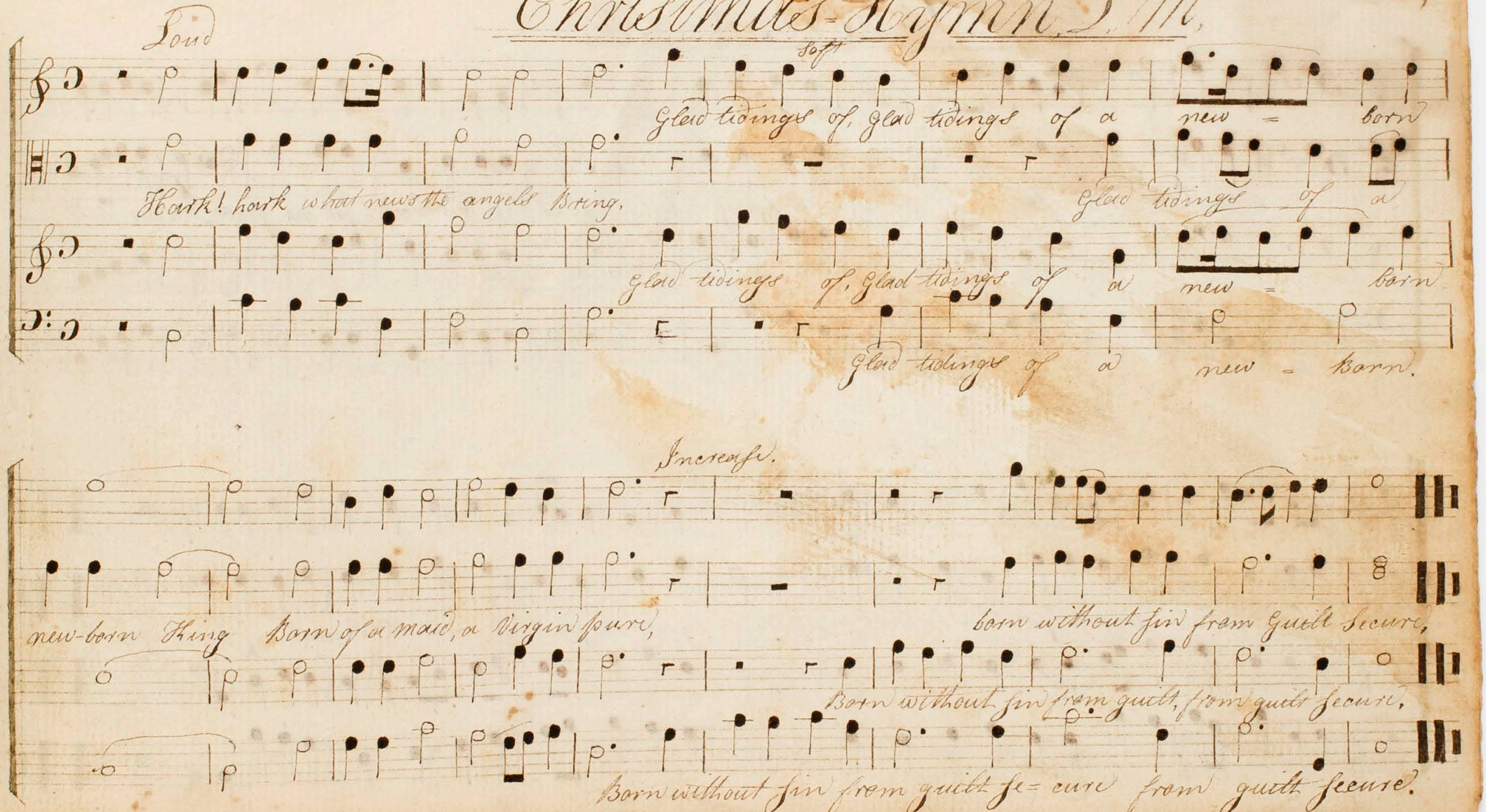
with the on earth Exceed a Thousand Days of Mirth

Spend one Day

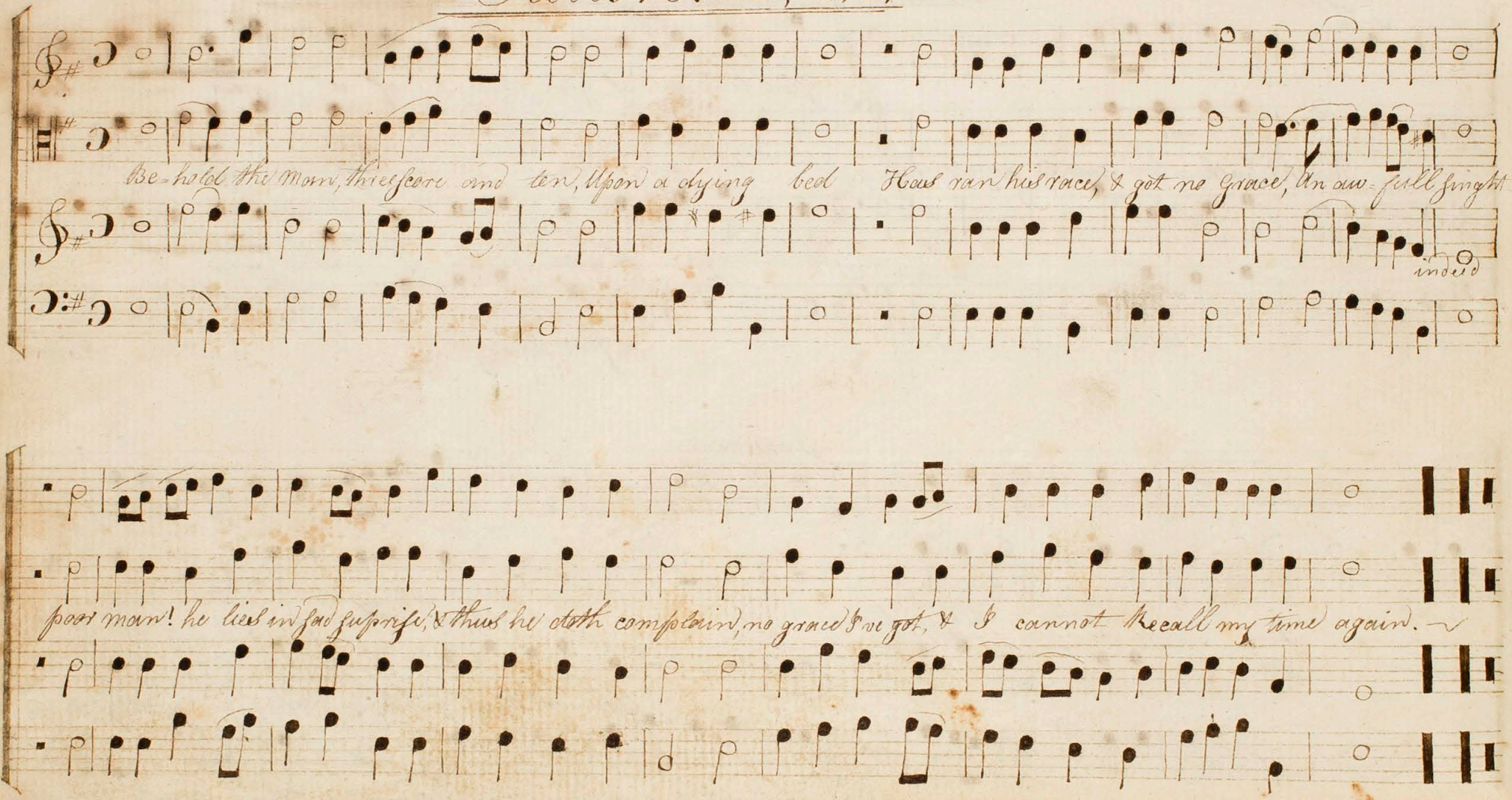
with the on Earth with the on Earth Exceed a thousand Days of Mirth

Exceed a thousand Day Mirth

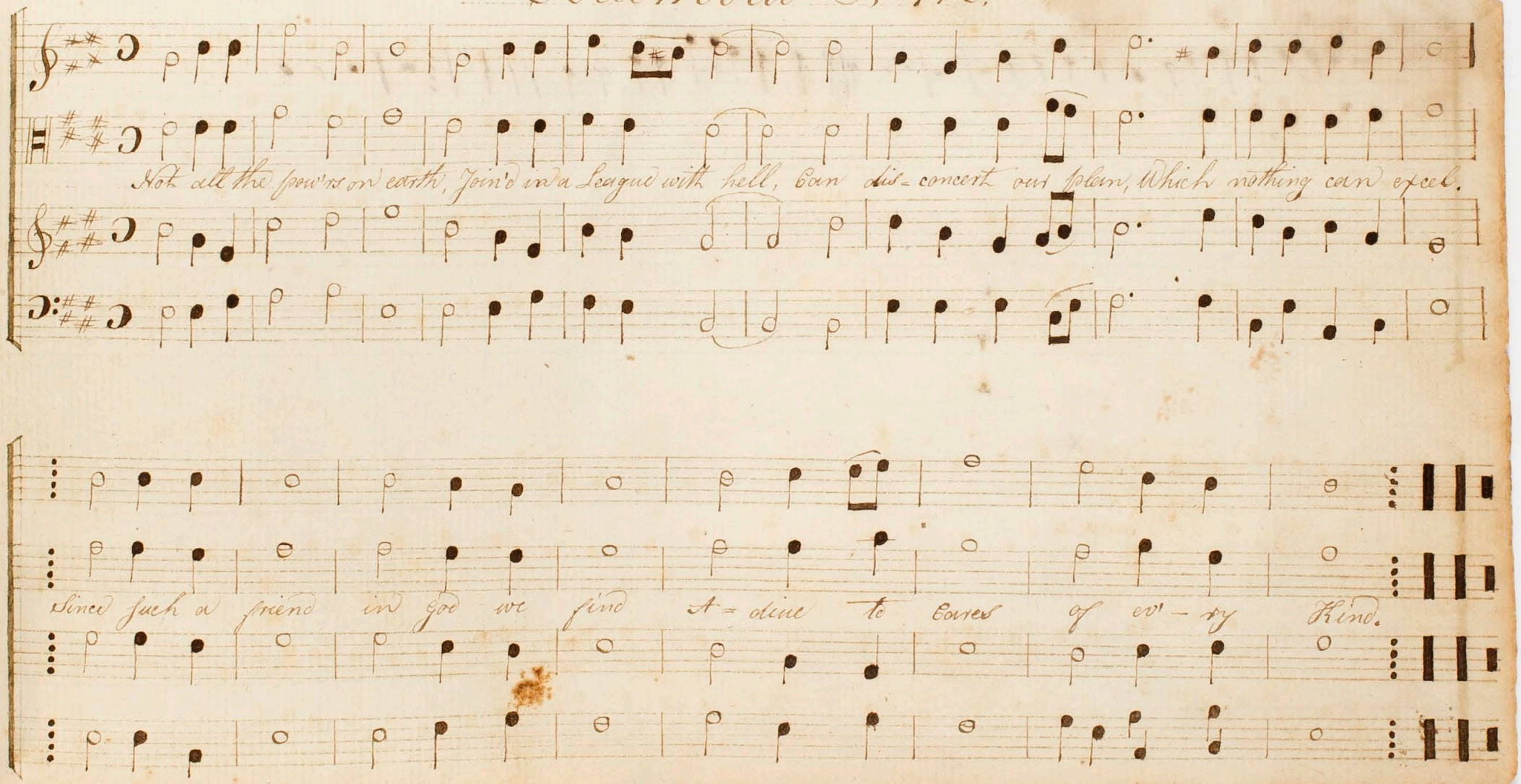
Christmas-Hymn. L. M.



Sutton. C. M.


Be-hold the Morn, threescore and ten, Upon a dying bed How ran his race, & got no Grace, An aw-full fright
indeed
poor man! he lies in sad surprise, & thus he doth complain, no grace I've got, & I cannot Recall my time again.

Columbia P. M.


Not all the pow'rs on earth, Join'd in a League with hell, Can dis-concert our plans, Which nothing can excel.
Since such a friend in God we find A-dieu to Cares of ev'-ry Kind.

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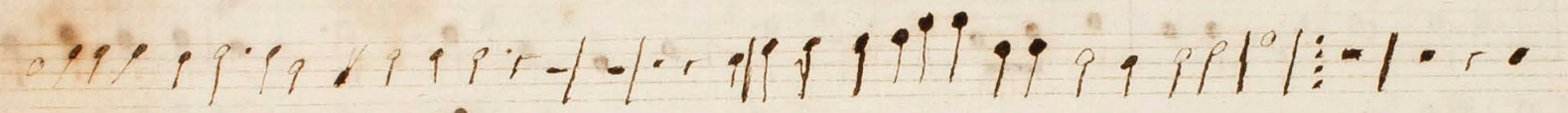

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Anthems.

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